



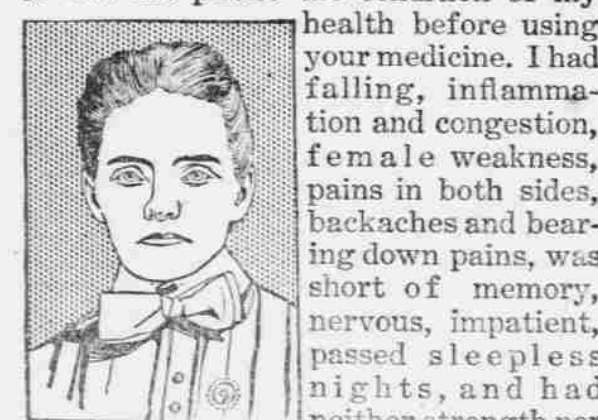
REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

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Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a pain in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or fear, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all is pleasure and happiness in my home."



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If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass.

OF LOCAL INTEREST

Some People We Know, and We Will Profit by Hearing About Them.

This is a purely local event. It took place in Barton. Not in some far-away place. You are asked to investigate it. Asked to believe a citizen's word; To confirm a citizen's statement. Any article that is endorsed at home is more worthy of confidence. Than one you know nothing about, Endorsed by unknown people.

H. A. Folsom, meat market, Church street, Barton, says: "I was subject to attacks of backache and lameness through my loins. My kidneys did not do their work as they should. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief."

Price 50c at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Folsom had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Specialize in the management and settlement of estates. Individual interests cared for and protected.

PROBATE COURT PRACTICE a specialty. FOR SALE—Victor safes, vaults, strong boxes and chests, fireproof. Safes from 30 up. Estimates rendered.

WANTED—A CASH REGISTER. W. C. LINDSAY, Attorney at Law, Newport, Vermont

TO HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR—NO DANDRUFF

If your hair is losing color, too dry, brittle, thin, or the scalp itches, immediately begin the use of Parisian Sage. The first application stops itching head, removes all dandruff, invigorates the scalp, and beautifies your hair until it is soft, fluffy and gloriously radiant.

Parisian Sage supplies all hair needs and contains the exact elements needed to make it grow long, thick and beautiful. It is delicately perfumed and not expensive at F. D. Pierce's.

You will be delighted with this invigorating toilet necessity for nothing else is so beneficial as Parisian Sage or so quickly gives the hair that enviable charm and fascination. Sold and guaranteed in Orleans by F. J. Kinney.

PARROT & CO.

HAROLD MACGRATH

Author of The Carpet from Bagdad, The Place of Honeymoons, etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Warrington, an American adventurer, and James, his servant, with a caged parrot, the trio known up and down the Irrawaddy as Parrot & Co., travel along the road to the landing, bound for Rangoon to cash a draft for 200,000 rupees.

CHAPTER II—Elsa, Chetwood, rich American girl tourist, sees Warrington come aboard the boat at the landing and, amazed at his likeness to her fiancé, Arthur Ellison, asks the purser to introduce her. Conservative English passengers are shocked at her breach of the conventionalities.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

CHAPTER III.

The Weak Link.

The day began white and chill, for February nights and mornings are not particularly comfortable on the Irrawaddy. The boat sped down the river, smoothly and noiselessly. For all that the sun shone, the shore-lanes were still black. There were a hundred or more natives squatting in groups on the deck. They were wrapped in ragged shawls, cotton rugs of many colors, and woolen blankets, and their turbans were as bright and colorful as a Holland tulip-bed. Some of them were smoking long pipes and using their fists as mouthpieces; others were scrubbing their teeth with short sticks of fibrous wood; and still others were eating rice and curry out of little brown copper pots. There were very few Burmese among them. They were Hindus from central and southern India, with a scattering of Cingalese. Whenever a Hindu gets together a few rupees, he travels. The past is the past, tomorrow is tomorrow, but today is today: he lives and works and travels, prisoner to this creed.

Elsa never strolled among them. She was dainty. She stood framed in the doorway, a picture rare indeed to the dark eyes that sped their frank glances in her direction.

Upon a bench, backed against the partition, almost within touch of her hand, sat the man Warrington and his servant, arguing over their accounts. The former's battered helmet was tilted at a comfortable angle and an ancient cutty hung pendant from his teeth, an idle wisp of smoke hovering over the blackened bowl.

Elsa quietly returned to her chair in the bow and tried to become interested in a novel. By and by the book slipped from her fingers to her lap, and her eyes closed. But not for long. She heard the rasp of a camp-stool being drawn toward her.

"Shouldn't have disturbed you," said the purser, apologetically, "but your orders were that whenever I had an interesting story about the life over here, I was to tell it to you instantly. And this one is just ripping!"

"Begin," said Elsa. She sat up and threw back her cloak, for it was now growing warm. "It's about Parrot & Co., I'm sure."

"It's better than any story you'll read in a month of Sundays. Our man has just turned the trick, as you Americans say, for twenty thousand pounds."

"Why, that is a fortune!"

"For some of us, yes. You see, whatever he was in the past, it was something worth while, I fancy. Engineering, possibly. Knew his geology and all that. Been wandering for months what kept him hanging around this bally old river. Seems he found oil, borrowed the savings of his servant and bought up some land on the line of the new discoveries. Then he waited for the syndicate to buy. They ignored him. They didn't send any one even to investigate his claim. Stupid, rather. After a while, he went to them, at Proma, at Rangoon. They thought they knew his kind. Ten thousand rupees was all he asked. They laughed. The next time he wanted a hundred thousand. They laughed again. Then he left for the tea forests. He had to live. He came back in four months. In the meantime they had secretly investigated. They offered him fifty thousand. He laughed. He wanted two hundred thousand. They advised him to raise coconuts. What do you suppose he did them?"

"Got some other persons interested."

"Right-o! Some Americans in Rangoon said they'd take it over for two hundred thousand. Something about the deal got into the newspapers. The American oil men sent over a representative. That settled the syndicate. What they could have originally purchased for ten thousand they paid three hundred thousand."

"Splendid!" cried Elsa, clapping her hands. She could see it all, the quiet determination of the man, the penury of the lean years, his belief in himself and in what he had found, and the disinterested loyalty of the servant.

"Sometimes I wish I were a man and could do things like that."

"Recollect that landing last night?"

Elsa's gesture signified that she was glad to be miles to the south of it.

"Well, he wasn't above having his revenge. He made the syndicate come up there. They wired asking why he couldn't come on to Rangoon."

And very frankly he gave his reasons. They came up on one boat and left on another. They weren't very pleasant, but they bought his oil lands. He came aboard last night with a check for twenty thousand pounds and two rupees in his pocket. The two rupees were all he had in this world at the time they wrote him the check. Arabian night; what?"

"I am glad. I like pluck; I like endurance; I like to see the lone man win against odds. Tell me, is he going back to America?"

"Ah, there's the weak part in the chain." The purser looked diffidently at the deck floor. It would have been easy enough to discuss the Warrington of yesterday, but the Warrington of this morning was backed by twenty thousand good English sovereigns; he was a different individual. "He says he doesn't know what his plans will be. Who knows? Perhaps some one ran away with his best girl. I've known lots of them to wind up out here on that account."

"When do we reach Proma?"

"About six," understanding that the Warrington incident was closed. "It isn't worth while going ashore, though. Nothing to see at night."

"I have no inclination to leave the boat until we reach Rangoon."

She met Warrington at luncheon, and she greeted him amiably. To her mind there was something pitiful in the way he had tried to improve his condition. So long as she lived, no matter whom she might marry, she was convinced that never would the thought of this man fade completely from her memory. Neither the amazing likeness nor the romantic background had anything to do with this conviction. It was the man's utter loneliness.

"I have been waiting for Parrot & Co. all the morning," she said. "I'll show him to you right after luncheon. It wasn't that I had forgotten."

Rajah took the center of the stage; and even the colonel forgot his liver long enough to chuckle when the bird turned somersaults through the steel hoop. Elsa was delighted. She knelt and offered him her slim white finger. Rajah eyed it with his head cocked at one side. He turned insolently and entered his cage. Since he never saw a finger without flying at it in a rage, it was the politest thing he had ever done.

"Isn't he a sassy little beggar?" laughed the owner. "That's the way; his hand, or claw, rather, against all the world. I've had him half a dozen years, and he hates me just as thoroughly now as he did when I picked him up while I was at Jaipur."

"Have you carried him about all this time?" demanded the colonel.

"He was one of the two friends I had, one of the two I trusted," quietly, with a look which rather disconcerted the Anglo-Indian.

"By the actions of him I should say that he was your bitterest enemy."

"He is; yet I call him friend. There's a peculiar thing about friendship," said the kneeling man. "We make a man our friend; we take him on trust, frankly and loyally; we give him the best we have in us; but we never really know. Rajah is frankly my enemy, and that's why I love him and trust him. I should have preferred a dog; but one takes what one can. Besides . . ." Warrington paused thrust the perch between the bars, and got up.

"Jah, jah, jah! Jah-jah-ja-ah!" the bird shrilled.

"Oh, what a funny little bird!" cried Elsa, laughing. "What does he say?"

"I've often wondered. It sounds like the bell-gong you hear in the Shwe Dagon pagoda in Rangoon. He picked it up himself."

The colonel returned to his elderly charges and became absorbed in his aged times. If the girl wanted to pick up the riff-raff to talk to, that was her affair. Americans were impossible, anyhow.

"How long have you been in the Orient?" Elsa asked.

"Ten years," he answered gravely. "That is a long time."

"Sometimes it was like eternity."

"I have heard from the purser of your good luck."

"Oh!" He stooped again and looked the door of Rajah's cage. "I dare say a good many people will hear of it."

"It was splendid. I love to read stories like that, but I'd rather hear them told first-hand."

Elsa was not romantic in the sense that she saw heroes where there were only ordinary men; it was the obscure and unknown hero who appealed to her: such a one as this man might be.

"Oh, there was nothing splendid about the thing. I simply hung on." Then a thought struck him. "You are traveling alone?"

"With a companion." A peculiar question, she thought.

"It is not wise," he commented.

"My father was a soldier," she replied.

"It isn't a question of bravery," he

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIX

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

Lyndonville is now being supplied with current from their new municipal electric plant.

Judge Henry C. Ide has returned from New York and will pass the summer at his home in St. Johnsbury.

There have been several cases of diphtheria in Lyndonville but the epidemic was not considered serious enough to close the schools.

At the annual meeting of the Lyndon Union club, a woman's organization, last week Mrs. John B. Chase was elected president. The club is very active in civic improvements.

Elisha May of St. Johnsbury, has been appointed judge advocate general on the staff of George P. Martin, of Burlington, department commander of the department of Vermont, Grand Army of the Republic.

George J. Bacon, who has been superintendent of the Fairbanks farms, St. Johnsbury, has been hired by the executive committee of the agricultural association to assist County Agent Stimson for two months.

Wm. Perkins of St. Johnsbury, aged 52, lost the sight of one eye and his face was severely cut by flying rocks in an explosion of dynamite while at work on a new road over Hurlburt hill in Waterford one day last week. A charge failed to go off and he went to investigate the cause when the explosion occurred.

Nathan Cobb, the artist, and his sister, Miss Carrie Cobb, of Naples, Italy, former residents of Danville, planned to sail yesterday for New York and are expected at their father's home in Danville about June 1. It is believed that they will remain in St. Johnsbury until the trouble in Italy is settled.

French F. Carriek, for the past 45 years a prosperous farmer in St. Johnsbury, died Thursday after a two months' illness, aged 72 years. He was a native of Danville and was a member of the G. A. R., I. O. O. F., Masons and other orders. He owned the largest farm owned entirely within the town of St. Johnsbury.

Mrs. Reuben G. Cheney, of St. Johnsbury, was found dead on the floor by her husband on his return from work Friday. Physicians said she had been dead about half an hour and gave the cause as hemorrhage of the brain. She was a native of St. Johnsbury and had been married about 43 years. She was one of the oldest members of the North Congregational church. Besides her husband, Mrs. Cheney is survived by two sons and two daughters. One of the sons is a member of Sousa's band, now in California.

WEST BURKE

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Bugbee visited in Newport and Barre recently.

Frank Angier and family of Bellows Falls visited relatives in town recently.

The Gleaners spent a pleasant afternoon at the home of Mrs. Dickerman Thursday.

H. E. Gaskill attended the state meeting of I. O. O. F., in Brattleboro last week.

Miss Glenola Ward, who has been working in Kirby for several months, is at home again.

Mrs. Bowley of West Derby and Mrs. Tenney of Newport visited relatives in town last week.

The services held here during the past week by Conference Evangelist Joscelyn closed on Sunday evening.

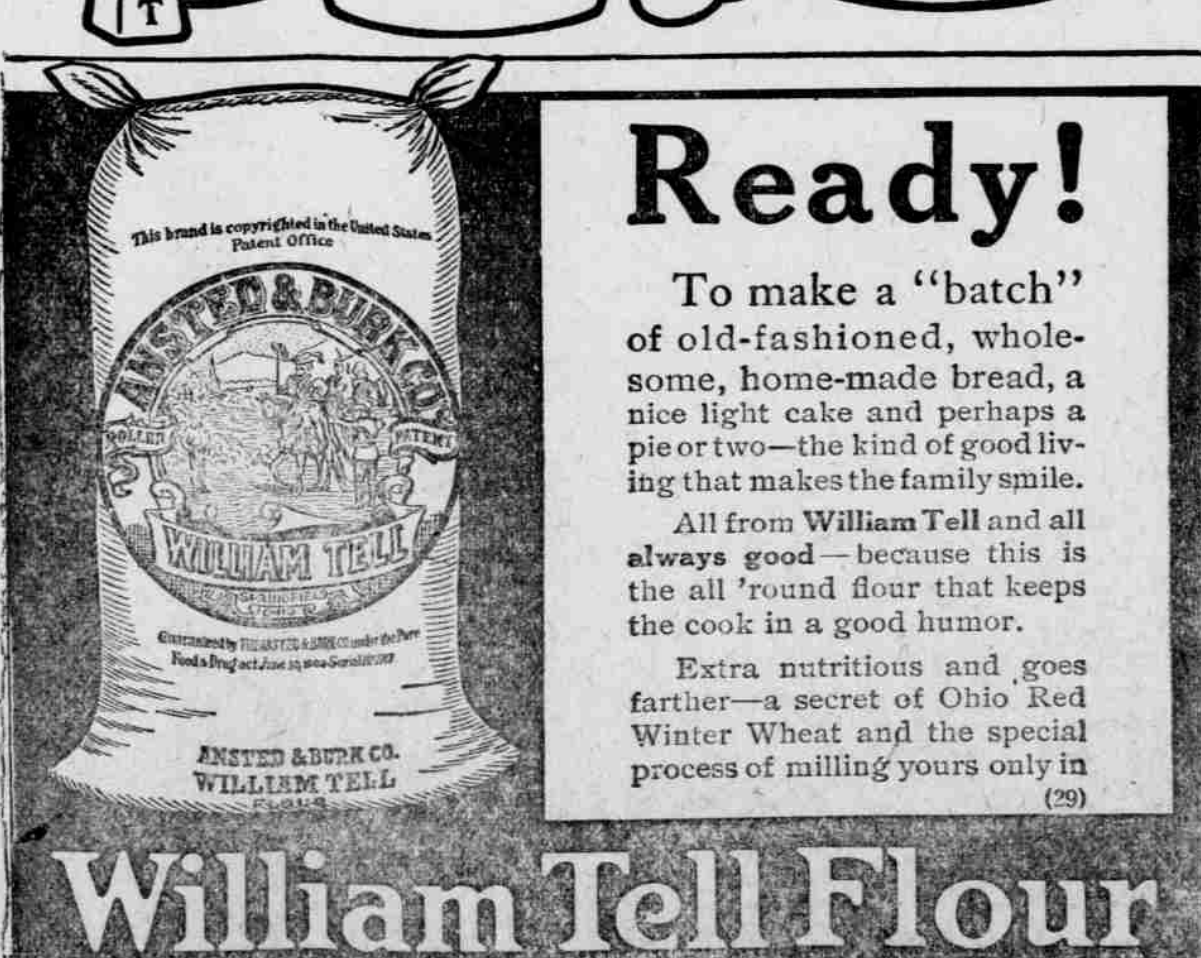
Wm. Wallace of Newark has purchased the Dr. Dickerman lot on Main street and will begin building at once.

Charles Bruce has sold his farm in Newark, and has rented the Whipple tenement on Depot street for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bishop and son, Carl, and Mrs. Rose Cushman took an auto trip to South Lancaster, Mass., last week to be present at the commencement of the academy there.

Miss Rosaline Sleeper celebrated her 20th birthday Saturday and was the recipient of several cards and many good wishes. She has been an invalid most of her life and has been confined to the bed for many years.

Mrs. Ellen Densmore, who has been spending the winter with relatives in Milford, Mass., is in town for a while. Her many friends here are glad to welcome her back, and hope she will decide to remain through the summer.



William Tell Flour

J. G. TURNBULL CO. ORLEANS, VT., Distributors.

A Memorial sermon will be preached in the hall Sunday by Rev. Mr. Upton of Sutton, and on Monday, the usual Decoration day services will be observed. The G. A. R. cordially invite the Woodmen and Jr. O. U. A. M. to join in the procession to the cemetery and those who have automobiles are requested to see that the veterans who are unable to walk have a free ride. The W. R. C. invite the ladies of the mentioned orders to bring food for the table and also assist them in the work of preparing and serving the same. Rev. J. Q. Angell will deliver the address and there will be appropriate exercises by the school children. There will be a brief out-of-door service also when flowers will be strewn upon the water in memory of dead sailors.

SHEFFIELD

Will Peck has purchased a new auto. Henry Mitchell is gaining very slowly.

Geo. Bickford has purchased a new Ford auto.

Doris Jones is home from Boston for a few weeks.

Ben Gray of Windsor visited friends here last week.

Samuel Mitchell of Lyndonville visited his father Sunday.

O. H. Jenness and family visited at Amos Blake's Sunday.

David Bean has moved into the Jennie Richards house.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Blake visited at Kit Davis's in Lyndonville Sunday.

Velma Jones is entertaining her cousin, Miss Lock, of St. Johnsbury.

Aaron Gray has bought a home in Littleton, N. H., and will go there to live.

Mr. and Mrs. James Dexter of Lyndonville visited at H. P. Simpson's Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jenness were in town Friday to see Jeff Fuller, who is very poorly.

Harry Chesley and children of St. Johnsbury made a short visit at Charles Chesley's Sunday.

Alpha Quimby and son visited at the home of his grandmother, Mrs. Martha Underwood, Saturday.

Dr. Charles Drake of Lebanon, N. H., made a short visit at the home of his brother last week.

Edwin Richardson, who went from Glover a year ago to Dunbarton, has sold his place, Mrs. Richardson being in very poor health.

SUTTON

C. A. Norris of Barton was at home over Sunday.

Mrs. W. W. Sanborn is working for Mrs. Harry Davis in Sheffield.

Several from here went to the steam mill fishing Saturday night and report fine luck.

Virtulon Chesley recently sold his herd of cows. They went to a party in Sheffield.

The body of Mrs. Naham Campbell was brought here from Lebanon, N. H., for burial last week.

Peter Albert of this town recently paid \$16.52 for shooting a hound dog belonging to a neighbor.

Mrs. Harry Coburn was at Homer Bennett's a few days last week helping care for her brother, Winfield, who is sick. He is much better at this writing.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

About 35 were present at the service held at the schoolhouse Sunday.

Fred McFarlin is again able to be out. Charlotte has returned to school.

An auto load of young people attended the C. E. meeting at the Corners Friday evening.

Miss Lilla Gilman, who has been at the Willoughby "Tea House" at work for a few days, returned Saturday night.

Danger to Children.

Serious illnesses often result from lingering coughs and colds. The hacking and coughing and disturbed sleep rack a child's body and the poisons weaken the system, so that disease cannot be thrown off. Foley's Honey and Tur Compound has cured coughs, colds and croup for three generations; safe to use and quick to act. There is no better medicine for croup, coughs and colds.

Austin's Pharmacy, Orleans, Vt.; W. S. McDowell, Evansville; J. B. Holton, West Charleston.

Panama Hats

The Cream of the best sellers just arrived

White Kid Hats

The Hit of the season strictly new

OSTRICH NECK PIECES

and everything in the new novelties in millinery at lowest prices

We appreciate your patronage

Mrs. C. L. Hutchins

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Davis Block,

Barton, Vt.



MAKE THE KITCHEN LIVABLE

DON'T swelter over a hot coal stove this summer. The NEW PERFECTION Oil Cookstove keeps your kitchen cool and clean and does away with all the ashpan, coal-hod drudgery of the coal range.

The NEW PERFECTION lights like gas, regulates like gas, and cooks like gas. It's gas-stove comfort with kerosene oil.

Something New. An oven that becomes a fireless cooker merely by pulling a damper. Ask your dealer to show you the NEW PERFECTION No. 7, with fireless cooking oven; also the PERFECTION Water Heater. It gives you plenty of hot water and makes you independent of your coal range.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOKSTOVES

For best results use SOCONY brands of kerosene oil.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF NEW YORK

Principal Stations

New York Albany

Buffalo Boston



Commissioners' Notice.

Estate of Richard Addison.
The undersigned, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, Commissioners, to receive, examine, and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Richard Addison, late of Boston, Mass., in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the store of William Davies in the town of Brownington in said District, on the 12th day of June and 8th day of October next, from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., on each of said days and that six months from the 21st day of April, A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated at Brownington, Vt., this 12th day of May, A. D. 1915.

Commissioners' Notice

Estate of Wallace W. Watson.
THE UNDERSIGNED, having been appointed by the Honorable Probate Court for the District of Orleans, COMMISSIONERS, to receive, examine, and adjust the claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Wallace W. Watson, late of Glover in said District, deceased, and all claims exhibited in offset thereto, hereby give notice that we will meet for the purpose aforesaid, at the residence of N. H. Drew in the town of Glover in said District, on the 3rd day of June, and 21st day of October next, from 1 o'clock p. m. until 4 o'clock p. m., on each of said days and that six months from the 21st day of April, A. D. 1915, is the time limited by said Court for said creditors to present their claims to us for examination and allowance.
Dated at Glover, this 6th day of May, A. D. 1915.

J. M. WYMAN
F. E. HUTCHINS
Commissioners.

HENRY H. COOK,
HENRY E. CLARK,
Commissioners.